

Memoirs of Team Vega

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Summary: Join the Spartan-III Team Vega as they search for forerunner technology, form unexpected allies, and get thrown into an enternal war that may cost them their lives.

1. Chapter 1

-1_**Fan Fiction Novel**_

"_**Memoirs from Team Vega**_"

Chapter One

111 Tauri System, Duran 67B

December 3, 2552 0949 hours [/Military Calendar

Spartan-G036 blinked, and recovered, lifting himself off the ground he looked around, His drop pod leaned against an asiatic tree, its twisted steel door ripped open. He accessed his TACMAP, right where he wanted to be, 3 miles from his objective. He checked the team rosters, all of his team mates had survived the entry and impact from deep space.

He tapped his COM, "Kevin you there?"

The other end of line came to life, "Affirmative Ryan, I have your 20," Kevin whispered.

Ryan turned slightly and caught sight of Kevin, barely before he came upon Ryan. He leaned against a tree, his SPI armor shielding him, making him look like he was apart of the tree.

Ryan spoke up, "Got a position on the rest of Vega?"

Before Kevin, or Spartan-G003 could respond another shadow appeared behind him, and Spartan-G078 Alexis, formed, her armor taking shape

to her surroundings. Next came Devon, Spartan-G893, and lastly Spartan-G234, Eric. They were Team Vega, 2nd platoon, Gladius Company. The Spartan-III's had been launched from the Destroyer [b]IPegasus[/b], enduring the two hour trip from slip space then on to the atmosphere of planet GY9N Sol. Fifty Six hadn't made it, either shot down by covenant scouts, or burned alive on the deadly trip from deep space.

Gladius company had been sent on a mission to capture forerunner technology. All the Spartan-III's knew was that ONI, had intel of Covenant technology in the Eradani system, other relics had been discovered, plus with the forerunner technology discovered in the caves of Reach, more had been found. Ryan had to get to work, a good bit of Gladius had been wiped out, and he wondered if his fellow Spartan teams had any success.

Ryan lead team Vega through the shrubbery until they reached a clearing, he saw team Rainbow on the horizon, they were running, and very fast, unusually fast, and then Ryan knew why they were running, over a cliff dove two Banshee fliers, following close behind. Two Spartans turned, firing two rounds of their M19 SAM missiles, the first round found its target, smashing into the closest flier, flames erupting from its bow, the second round clipped the second banshees wing, making it dip radically, the pilot tried to recover, but before he could, the bow of the flier slammed into the ground, plasma spilling from inside.

Team Rainbow continued, along with Teams, Theodore, Omega, along with dozens of other Spartans, forming in their SPI suits. Before long 200 or so Spartans were running forward, as fast as they could, out running possible incoming banshees. And in the horizon formed their objective, a forerunner temple. Though Ryan was afraid he would have to fight his way through to get to his real objective, the forerunner technology. The temple was massive in a way, standing 30 stories high. Team Vega reached their checkpoint, a cluster of cliff, providing good cover from air and ground support.

Alexis took the rear, her sniper rifle raised, ready to fight. Team Vega took advantage of the cliffs cover, hugging the walls, and settling in.

Ryan turned to Devon for their report, " Bravo team was lost during the entry, but other than that the roster is full, Devon said.

His sentence was cut off short by the sound of air support coming down on them, Vega took cover, blue plasma burning away the rock formations, making some boulders chip away. Kevin peeked through his optics, getting a positive location on the fliers, he turned to his M19 and looked through the scope. He fired, two missiles shrieked across the sky, its FOF tag system identifying its target and catching up with it. The Fliers tried to out fly the incoming rounds, but were both overwhelmed by the speed of the 102MM rockets.

Team Vega pushed forward, moving from boulder to boulder, their SPI armor making them virtually invisible. They were 100 meters from the temple, statues appeared on pedestals. Forerunner symbols engulfed the entire building. But he knew what awaited him and Vega, he upholstered his Sniper rifle and looked through the sights. As he suspected, jackal snipers appeared over head, taking good cover among the statues and walls of the temple.

He tapped his TEAMCOM, " Be advised Gladuis, snipers over head, proceed with caution."

Gladius responded, all teams taking good cover among the boulders and cliff. Ryan turned to his team, giving hand signals, gesturing the danger, and to take immediate action. Devon, and Alexis advanced towards Ryan and took cover with their S2AM Sniper rifles raised and positioned on the rocks. Both Spartans squeezed their triggers simultaneously, Jackals falling from the enemy fire. Ryan took out his MA4K, a cut down version and more accurate than the MA5B. He advanced, followed by his teammates, running fast as they could, sweat pouring inside his helmet. Enemy sniper fire erupting around him, burning up the earth on which he ran.

He reached the walls first, followed by Kevin, then Devon and Alexis, still taking shots with their rifles. Several other teams followed suite, hugging the sides of the temple walls. Team Vega advanced towards the entrance, a huge groove in the temple wall it seemed instead of a "door". Vega met up with Team Theodore, and Omega. Theodore took point, and Ryan and Vega took the rear, the rest of Gladius Company would secure the area, making sure no enemy rainforests got inside.

The Inside of the temple was massive, forerunner symbols filled the room with shades of dark blue and gold. Ryan felt along the walls, his fingers gently touching the grooves the symbols made. These symbols seemed strikingly familiar to the hieroglyphics that their A.I teacher on Onyx had taught them about. For a moment, Ryan compared the forerunners of Halo, to the pharaohs of Egypt, they didn't seem very different to him.

The Company entered an entirely different room, a chasm more than a room. Ryan felt a chill as he noticed snowflakes, floating down from the ceiling six stories high. He couldn't believe what he saw, snow, inside the temple? This all seemed so wrong to him, but so wonderful at the same time. Devon walked aside, his hand catching some snow, and letting it fall from his hand, he sighed and regrouped with the rest of his team mates.

The walls seemed to slope down as the company came upon a grav lift, Team Theodore went first, the lift taking them down deeper into the temple, when the lift came up again, Omega took lead, they reloaded for safety, and they disappeared into the darkness below. The Lift rose for Vega, Ryan took lead, then Kevin, Alexis, and Devon, and Eric. The felt quirky as the lift descended down further. But Ryan felt something, this seemed to easy, he had a feeling something was wrong, he held two fingers up, signaling to keep an eye out for anything out of the ordinary.

They descended further, Ryan caught the sound of gun fire, they reached the bottom, Theodore and Omega already engaging the enemy, Vega advanced to assist, Ryan triggering a perfect 6 round burst into the mass of enemy covenant, they were being ambushed, this whole thing was a trap

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Eridani Epsilon System

Inside Forerunner Temple

December 3, 2552 1078 Hours

Ryan ordered Devon and Eric to strengthen the left flank, he would take the rest right up the middle, teams Theodore and Omega were already in the middle of the firefight when Vega arrived. They had already set up a defensive perimeter around the grav lift as soon as they landed, taking cover among the statues, and boulders and corners cut into the walls. The ambush waiting was the work of elites, waiting in active camo. The offensive force composed of some twenty elites waiting with good cover, three plasma cannons were fixed covering the grav lift. Ryan only could imagine what the rest of Gladius company was going through on the surface. Ryan dove left, just missing a burst of plasma rifle from a sniper above, nestled behind a forerunner statue. Spartan-G036 unpacked his Sniper rifle, and aimed through the sights, he spotted the enemy sniper, dug in with his back to the firefight.

He squeezed the trigger lightly, aiming for the small bit of shoulder that stuck out from the statue. The elite limped, and fell from his cover, falling to the ground with a thump. Ryan turned to team Theodore's Captain, Simon. "We need help," Simon said struggling to speak, the firefight had somehow the ambush had scared the fight right out of him. Ryan turned to Theodore's leader, taking cover behind a boulder. "Yeah I realized, I have my team covering each side of the flank, they look like spec ops elites, I've read about them, but right now we need to fight, deploy Omega team to the middle, ill take Vega right, you take Theodore left, go!" Simon rushed to the left, tapping Chris, Omega's captain on the shoulder, giving him the signal to move up the middle, then dodging plasma continued on to his team. Ryan broadcasting a message over COM, telling Vega to regroup to their rightful position. Spartan-G036 holstered his Sniper rifle, taking out his MA4K, reloading it and pulling back the hammer. Devon arrived first, followed by Kevin, and Eric. Alexis arrived last, limping on her left leg. She slumped against a boulder, gripping her sniper rifle tight. Ryan knew she was in pain, even though her helmet hid her emotion. She would survive, along with the rest of Gladius company, Ryan would see to it. Ryan checked his Radar, all snipers should have been eliminated by Omega team, their first objective.

He turned to his team, "Execute Beta gamma manuever on my mark."

All of Vega knew what to do, team Theodore did the same, all of gladius reached for their grenade pouches, pulling out each a M67 fragmentation grenade. Ryan unpinning his own frag, now on both feet he crouched behind his only cover, "Now!!" From the cover of Gladius company flew two dozen frags, right in front and behind the Elite companies defenses. Gladius took cover as a massive explosion rocked the foundation of the temple, statues crumbling and rocks melting from the immense heat of the explosion. Vega recovered, smoke covering most of the room, Ryan knew not a whole lot survived the overwhelming blast. He tapped TEAMCOM, "Vega, secure the corridor, make sure nothing is alive, no prisoners." Four green lights blinked on his HUD. Ryan walked slowly forward, past the wreckage and the dead spec op elites. He thought to himself, "This better be worth

it, it seems that way, two squads of special forces defending it, it must be worth the blood shed. Vega took point, with Theodore and Omega taking the rear, every team sending scouts ahead, making sure they didn't run into anymore ambushes. They shouldn't, because who ever wanted this protected, sending special forces, especially elites, nothing would get through alive. Team Vega continued on, past corridors, going straight down through a narrow hallway.

Ryan watched the statues over head, a prime position for snipers, with Gladius in this kind of bottle neck, only four Spartans wide. All of Gladius halted simultaneously when they reached the end of the corridor; the passage opening up into a cathedral-like room. Monuments of forerunners lined the sides of the walls, rows of hieroglyphics dotted every foot of the stadium. Ryan tapped TEAMCOM, " All teams disperse to both sides, secure right and left flanks, cover every part of this stadium." All Spartan-III's dispersed left and right, walking swiftly down the rows of Statues, leaving two Spartans every 10 feet. Ryan followed Omega team down the left side, taking lead for Vega behind Chris. "Halt." He announced in a hoarse whisper over his COM. All of Gladius came to an abrupt stop. Ryan crouched forward, focusing his optics at the middle of the Stadium. In the middle hovered a Stone "disc" on a pedestal four feet high, blue crystal light held the disc in suspension. Ryan signaled Vega forward to him, signaling Both Theodore and Omega to take up defensive positions to cover their advance. Spartan-G036 walked slowly forward toward the forerunner symbol, taking caution, leaping from boulder to statue, his SPI armor taking shape to the dark steel colored stones, eons old vines formed on his chest plate. He stopped, Kevin taking cover to his left, looking at him with his devious stare, it bothered Ryan, even though his helmet hid his dramatic face. Signaling Vega to halt and take up defensive cover.

He advanced forward, walking up the three steps to the pedestal. He lowered his MA5K, and signaling Vega, Theodore and Omega forward. Gladius surrounded the Forerunner disc, staring in aw. The symbol was A-symmetrical, forerunner symbols burning bright colors of blue, purple, and red. It seemed to form a rainbow of an atmosphere around it. Ryan stepped forward, and gently touched the side, making it dip a bit, then recovered to its formal place. He reached forward, grabbing the forerunner technology, making the blue energy light vanish. The Disc shundered when this happened, making the disc vibrate radically in his hands, then it stopped as suddenly as it began. Simon walked forward, taking a look at the Disc, then at Ryan, " We've completed our objective, we need to get out of here before the Covenant realize what's happening, I've sent scouts to Team Beta on the surface." Ryan packed the disc in a duffel bag Eric carried, zipped it, gave Eric his sniper rifle and slung it on his back. Omega led the way, past the corridors, the dead elites and then on to the grav lift, taking them up to the first level of the forerunner temple. Ryan took lead with Vega, sending Omega to the rear guard, a maneuver used a lot during their exercises. They marched swiftly forward, taking cover every 50 feet for 10 seconds then advancing further.

They reached the entrance to the Temple; Ryan and Kevin taking cover 10 feet from the rest of Gladius company. The COM buzzed, finally they had radio contact with Beta and the other teams. Spartan-G036 marched towards the massive temple doors, making them open when he was close enough, taking in the fresh air through his helmets ventilation system. He stopped. And took in the sight before him.

Team Beta lay in a puddle of blood, all of Beta seemed to have died defending the entrance to the temple, they too were ambushed and slaughtered. But they didn't go down without a fight, a few dozen elites lay around them. Enormous black patches of burned soil dotted the battlefield, evidence that covenant air support played a key role in this bloody battle. Eric walked to Beta's Captain, Sam, kneeling beside him, three elites lay around him, he gave his life for gladius to complete their mission, he and Beta would not be forgotten. Simon approached Ryan, he was kneeling beside a fallen Spartan, he said a short battle prayer, then took the dead Spartans grenades.

"Ryan, we need to get to extraction point Bravo echo 98." Sam whispered. Sam knew Ryan thought the world of James, Beta's captain, and his closest friend.

He could feel the emotion that Ryan had, even though he couldn't see it physically. Ryan stood, clipped the grenades on his belt. He accessed his TACMAP, outlining their extraction point. They would have to hoof the five miles to the LZ. Vega took lead, with Theodore taking rear security.

...Spartan-G036 looked around the boulder, with his mounted camera on his MA5K. The coast was clear; he gave a thumbs up to Simon, gesturing Theodore forward. Simon's calm clammy voice formed over COM, "Coast is clear, LZ in sight, be advised, follow my lead".

Ryan stepped from his cover, following Simon to the LZ. Kevin, Eric and Alexis followed with the rest of Gladius. Ryan had the LZ in sight, a UNSC Prowler, its Active camouflage made it look apart of the plateau it rested on. Simon joined Ryan as they walked to the back of the Prowler, hopefully they had enough power to jump to slip space before they ran out of fuel, they had a 16 hour time frame to complete their mission. They were an hour behind schedule. Ryan and Alexis tapped holographic icons on the stealth ship's bow, making the cargo bay open. Ryan and Simon led the rest of Gladius into the cargo bay, and on to the bridge. Several Spartans manned their designated stations, all of the Spartan-III's were given a crash course of the prowler's controls before their mission. Ryan and Simon both climbed into the pilots' chambers, buckling themselves in and tapping several keys, making all the lights in the small room burn dozens of different colors.

The small ship hummed to life, automatically making it hover five feet off the surface of the plateau. The Prowler's engines burned plasma blue as the space craft lifted itself further and further into the atmosphere. When the stealth ship reached the outer atmosphere of the alien planet, Ryan tapped dozens of controls, punching in their next destination, the destroyer Pegasus that was waiting for them in deep space. Spartan-G036 tapped his COM, "Hold on everybody, we're getting' out of here." A bright plasma blue rift developed before Gladius company, the light engulfed the stealth ship, and they were gone.

3. Chapter 3

Prologue to Chapter 3

Aboard Destroyer _Pegasus_

December 5, 2553 0500 Hours

Spartan-G036 stood before Admiral Guy Hiromaka, the Commander of the UNSC 16th destroyer fleet. The brood man stood a mere 6 feet tall, just topping Ryan. His crimson red beard made him look aged and rugged, though he was only 39. He held a holographic tablet showing Gladius Companies performance on retrieving the forerunner technology. "I'm sorry for your loss of team Beta, they will not be forgotten." Hiromaka gestured, not even looking up from the tablet. "Fine performance Spartan, you've been assigned to my fleet I understand from CENTCOM." He said, then looking down at the tablet again he examined the Relic Gladius recovered on "Beta" Planet, as some of the Spartan-III's were referring to as, in honor of Team Beta. I have ONI scientists working on the relic now, but don't worry about that, you and your Spartans get something to eat and some rest. Ryan gave a crisp firm salute, and exited the bridge. He joined back up with Gladius Company, in their own quarters, each Team had their own room.

Ryan entered Vega's quarters, to find most of the team asleep, all except for Alexis, she laid on her bunk, reviewing every detail of their previous mission. Her light blonde hair hid half her face, her toned arms flexed and relaxed, she was always on top, every exercise, mission. Ryan slunk to his own bed, taking off his boots he gestured to Alexis, "Don't you ever relax?" She chuckled softly, and fixed her annoying hair, "Someone has to keep us alive." Ryan laughed, she was the one to make a joke when times were dim. He laid back, letting his mind drift, he thought of Beta Team, and Sam. And when he first arrived on Onyx to train to become a Spartan like the green knight that greeted them when they first arrived. He would later address him as Lieutenant Commander Ambrose, the man responsible for making him a Spartan.

Then he thought of the relic, the technology they recovered on IO, he relived the moment when the Relic sent a nerve racking jolt through his body. And ever since that moment, he felt stronger and more powerful than ever before, and it was growing somehow. But he didn't let it bother him, he liked it, and didn't want to ruin the moment. His mind drifted further and further, until he fell silently asleep.

Part 2 of Chapter 3
December 05, 2552
Aboard Destroyer _Pegasus_ Ryan
awoke to the sound of a loud speaker in his quarters, "Spartan-G036, report to the bridge ASAP," said a cold voice. Ryan sat up, stretched and put on his boots. He looked around his room, his teammates slept soundly, he thought of waking them, but he decided to give them their rest, they deserved it.

..Spartan-G036 arrived on the control bridge after being permitted by a Marine guard. Admiral Hiromaka hunched over the Holographic tablet before him, he studied it intensely, outlining every detail. Ryan didn't need to present himself, the Admiral knew he was on the bridge not even turning around. "I hope you and your team has gotten enough sleep, Captain", He said, still studying the hologram. Ryan didn't think so, he could have slept for another day, but he didn't need to though. "Yes sir, we have", Ryan replied, making Hiromaka finally look up. He stood straight up, topping the Spartan by only a foot. "I have some Information you should know, Ryan", Spartan-G036 was

surprised the admiral used his real name, something didn't seem right. Ryan walked to the table Hiromaka stood over. He looked at the Holographic tablet, it was a video image of Onyx, the planet Ryan literally grew up on. But something didn't sit right, massive clusters of debris cluttered the space around the greenish planet. Ryan then noticed that the debris belonged to battle ships, human and Covenant, a massive battle had taken place here. But there were other forms of debris separate from the rest.

Hundreds of thousands of A-symmetrical looking pieces of machinery floated about the outer atmosphere of the planet. Ryan could only imagine what had happened here. Hiromaka turned to Ryan, "We fought the covenant here, almost a whole Fleet against almost 20 UNSC Battleships, we didn't stand much of a chance, though these 'Sentinels' were apart of the blood shed, he avoided them, only fighting the covenant, we retreated after more Covenant cruisers arrived, we're all that survived, I don't know who has survived on the planet, we received word that Onyx was a forerunner city, Commander Kurt and his team of Spartan-II's and III's continued to the core of the planet, looking for forerunner technology to help, then we lost radio transmission."

Hiromaka looked away, too many heroes had died fighting for humanity, everyone that died, ripped a whole in his soul. Ryan was knocked back by what Hiromaka had told him, this seemed all unbelievable, Onyx a forerunner city? Spartan-II's with Commander Kurt?" It seemed too much for him, learning all of this, he shot a glance at the admiral, "What do you need me to do sir?" He said vigorously. Hiromaka stood straight up again, looking at Ryan with his beady eyes, "I need you to return to Onyx, look for the Spartans, recon the area, and report when you find something, I have reinforcements if you get into trouble, good luck Spartan." Ryan exited the bridge and returned to his quarters, he awoke Alexis, "Hey, we have a new assignment get everyone ready, notify the other teams, we're headed to Onyx."

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Zeta Doradus System

North Island, Zone 67, Onyx

December 06, 2552 0341 Hours

Ryan looked out of the cabin of the UNSC Pelican dropship over the rows of Asiatic trees that cluttered Onyx's North island, just below Zone 67, the forbidden zone that he trained near for several years. He heard the tales, about how the Spartan-III team on an exercise there were never seen again. He didn't believe the tales, but rather ignored them instead. Ryan looked straight in front of him, his pelican took lead as three more pelicans that carried the rest of Gladius company followed close behind. They would be touching down near the training camp, that's where they would start their search. He climbed up to the pilots chambers, looking out from the front of the dropship, the camp was insight, it was trashed, smoke erupting from the mess hall and the Commanders quarters. Ryan's pelican decelerated, coming to a halt in front of the Commanders Quarters.

Gladius Company jumped from their dropships, going right into action, three teams setting up defense perimeters around the Camp. Ryan lead Vega to the center of the camp, heading for cover behind a damaged warthog. Alexis scanned the area with her S2AM Sniper rifle, giving cover while the rest provided cover in each direction. Ryan pulled up his TACMAP and analyzed the Intel, it showed a digital image of the entire Training camp, and part of Zone 67. He tapped Kevin on the shoulder, and pointing to their position, "We're here," Ryan stated pointing to a part of the Camp. Kevin acknowledged, his acknowledge link burning green.

Team Vega became suddenly alert by the sound of automatic fire. Ryan tapped his COM, "Theodore respond, do you have contact with the sentinel?" There was just silence, dead silence, no frequency what so ever. Spartan-G036 tapped TEAMCOM, "All Gladius teams, report back to my position immediately, Theodore is not responding repeat, report to my position ASAP."

Omega and Delta appeared from the north and the south, taking cover behind burning warthogs and buildings until they reached Vega Team. They took up defensive positions around Vega, looking for the "sentinels" that Theodore may have encountered. Ryan turned to Gladius, "Alright, Theodore is missing, no radio frequency from them, we are going to look for them, if we stay together then we'll have a better chance of making an offensive stand, we had reports from Team Katana when they encountered these sentinels, they've said they can be harmless, do not engage them, if we cooperate then maybe we will have a chance of finding Katana and the Spartan-II's." Green lights winked green on Ryan's HUD. They moved out, Vega taking lead, And Omega and Delta following close behind. They would search for Theodore first, then continue on to Zone 67, the center of this mayhem. They moved as one through the dense forest, barely visible to the naked eye, hid in their SPI suits.

Ryan tapped his communicator, "No radio contact, only for emergencies, they can pick up the frequency, hand signals from here on out." And he turned his COM off. Ryan halted, holding up a fist, Gladius took cover among the shrubbery. He pulled out his Sniper rifle, looking through the Oracle scope he recently obtained. The sound was coming from a sphere, with an A-symmetrical shape to it, three booms surrounded one central 'eye', it hovered 500 ft off the ground. 'These much be the sentinels that katana encountered' Ryan thought to himself. He crouched by the tree he hid behind a thick bush. The Sentinel hovered down to the top of the forest canopy, searching for anything, its gold eye scanning every inch of the forest floor. Its 'eye' finally coming upon Gladius company; its three booms spreading out, floating down, hovering 10 feet off the ground, its eye scanning where Gladius hid. Ryan knew they had been spotted, the only thing that bothered him was that the sentinel could call for more of themselves, over whelming Gladius.

Its eye scanned the bush Ryan hid behind, he stood up, letting the sentinel know what he was, trying to signal he wasn't a threat. He holstered his weapon, and held up his hands, making sure the machine got his message. He held up his index finger, signaling Gladius to reveal themselves. Vega, Delta and Omega came from their concealment; the sentinel seemed to be stunned by the number of Spartans that appeared, to Ryan it seemed the sentinel only suspected him to be the only one. Gladius holstered their weapons, and held up their hands,

following Ryan's lead. The sentinels three booms shined a bluish silver aurora, and over the horizon appeared ten more sentinels, the lone sentry had called for reinforcements. Ryan was astonished by the intelligence of this machine, 'it must be forerunner' Ryan thought to himself. The sentry formed a v- formation with its fellow sentinels, they then split up into two v-formations, one formed on the rear of Gladius and the second taking leading in front of the Spartan company. The sentry that encountered them previously approached Ryan, gesturing Gladius follow the sentinels, Ryan nodded, giving an o.k. sign to the forerunner machine.

The sentinels took lead, Gladius following close behind, with their weapons holstered. The sentinels led Gladius deeper and deeper into Zone 67, the sentinels surrounding the Spartan-III's keep a close eye. Ryan noticed the side of Mt. Heron, the Mountain closest to the entrance to Zone 67. Smoke erupted from the side, a deep hole inside the mountain was the center of the epidemic. Gladius continued on with their new companions. Ryan noticed dozens of Sentinels hovering in groups of three, with two more 300 ft above the others, scanning the forest canopy.

He then noticed hundreds of Sentinels on the mountain top, moving tons of soil and rock formations into large piles. Ryan realized that their were several 'classes' of sentinels, they shared a caste system much like our own. The worker sentinels did not have but two booms that surrounded a smaller eye than the combat sentinels. Gladius continued on for another hour, walking through an oasis they had recently entered. Ryan was the only one that wasn't tired, Gladius dragged behind, Kevin taking the lead behind Ryan. The Sentinels stopped, 50 meters from what looked to be the entrance to something, something rather massive. The gates opened, revealing what looked to be a grav lift. The sentinels that lead Gladius broke their formation, forming a straight line, right up to the Grav lift. Vega took lead, stepping onto the lift, Omega and Delta stepping on last. Ryan looked up to see the Sentinels that had led them for an hour and a half evaporate into thin air. Spartan-G036 felt something grip him around his skull, he felt nauseas and Gladius company vanished into thin air.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

Zeta Doradus system

Inside Zone 67, Onyx

December 07, 2552 0032 Hours (Military Calendar)

Alexis gripped Ryan's arm pulling him up on his feet, he felt a chill and nausea, he vomited. He pulled his helmet back on his head, it must have fell off from the tedious journey they just endured, or one of his teammates took it off for him to get fresh air. He recovered, and took a look around. He must have been the last one to be teleported, all of Gladius was up on their feet, examining the massive room they stood upon. Ryan joined Eric and Kevin and Alexis and Devon at the foot of the Grav lift and looked beyond themselves. Before them rested a Forerunner city, Statues lined the inner wall of the city as far as the eye could see, Hundreds of thousands of

sentinels moved tons of Dirt and soil. Ryan estimated the City to be at least 50 miles wide, he could not imagine how long it could have taken to build such a magnificent aurora of Gold colored Monuments and a massive city.

Ryan looked behind him to see the Sentinel form from their personal teleportation systems. A sentinel approached Ryan, it flared its massive 'eye', some how Ryan knew what the machine was insisting to him. He gestured Gladius Company to follow his lead, falling in the Sentinels led them down a walk way. Ryan let his fingers drift along the in casings of the Forerunner hieroglyphics that lined the walls in long rows. The sentinels led the Spartans out of the walkway and on to a massive room, it seemed like a control room of sorts to Ryan. Holographic controls filled the room, many large screens hovered in each corner of the room.

Ryan stopped, holding up a fist to Gladius, Kevin bumped into Ryan, not noticing the signal to halt, then he too noticed what laid before them. In caskets laid Team Theodore, each one laid silently in their own coffin like chambers. The caskets hovered exactly three meters off the ground, surprisingly the Spartans all were missing their helmets. Ryan approached the coffin Simon rested in, he noticed on the side of the casket their vitals appeared on small screens. "Well at least their safe," Devon stated, joining Ryan's side. Ryan looked to the back of Simon's coffin, it seemed that's where the glow and center of what made the coffin hover and its center of power. Ryan moved closer, suddenly his radar failed, his shield drained instantly, and he was knocked to the ground by the force. Alexis and Eric came to his side, taking off his helmet and feeling his cheek.

His eyes opened, Alexis helped him to his feet, putting back on his helmet and recovered. He upholstered his optics and peered through, aiming them at the center of the coffin, his optic range finder appeared to find an infinite range, its meter jumping bizarrely. He then realized that this is what Lieutenant Kurt had reported in his saved monologue aboard Pegasus. He explained that these 'coffins' had a slip space field that surrounded the tombs that Theodore laid in, Ryan was amazed and shocked all at once. He turned to the sentinels, and gestured to the 'coffins', using sign language, but he was sure it didn't help. The lead sentinel approached Spartan-G036 its eye flared and Ryan was amazed at what it did next, it spoke. "Your fellow Team mates are safe, Reclaimer, you need not worry, you and your fellow reclaimers will be lead to safety." Ryan was knocked back by what the sentinel spoke of. He didn't realize the machine could talk, from all encounters with these machines that were recorded, none said anything of them having the ability to communicate. The Sentinel spoke again, " This way Reclaimer, you will join your fellow 'friends' soon, follow me." Ryan and Gladius followed the Sentinel down another walkway to another room previous to the one they were just in. This room had a Grav lift similar to the one Gladius recently took a trip on.

Ryan instinctively stepped on the large 'pads' that were the teleportation devices. Once again the sentinels disappeared and Gladius followed suit. Ryan arrived first, and followed by Vega and the rest of Gladius, took heed at what laid before them, a huge crater lay in the middle of the valley that surrounded them. The crater seemed to be a least 50 ft wide, and 10 feet deep. Ryan walked down from the grav lift off the rise in the surface, down to the

middle of the crater. Devon was close behind, taking out his atmospheric monitor and examined the area of the crater. He returned to Ryan's side, "A HAVOK nuke was sent off here, this valley is empty, though I cant understand how it can snow here." Ryan looked up to see large flakes of sleet and snow drift down to the surface. Ryan was amazed at how the forerunners looked at the natural and their great ability to copy it, and with their knowledge of slip space and ours, there was no end. Devon seemed shocked, showing it threw his SPI helmet, "Ryan look at this," He said. Ryan looked down at Devon's atmospheric monitor, the meter was jumping bizarrely. The area had a large amount of radiation, though none of Gladius seemed to be effected by it, their SPI suits were not made to resist radiation. Ryan pondered this, not coming up with a good explanation, he ignored the issue.

The lead sentinel approached Ryan once again, "Please follow me reclaimer, we will embark on a journey to the core of Merion, that is where you belong, the Halo's have been activated Reclaimer, you will join the others, the core is the only way."

For some reason Ryan understood what the Sentinel was trying to say, this planet, Merion as the forerunners referred to it as, was a shield world, just as Commander kurt and this Dr. Hasely referred to it as. The Sentinel were the guardians, and they would lead them to the Spartan-II and Spartan-III's that were called 'Reclaimers'. He turned to look at his Team, they seemed anxious, he knew they would follow him into hell if he wanted them too. As would the rest of Gladius. Ryan turned around to the lead sentinel, "Are there any survivors from the explosion?" The Sentinel replied, "Yes, I believe so reclaimer, their have been a sizeable number of sangheili that have wondered around the area of the explosion, I estimate at least two dozen, they have scavenged the Area looking for survivors, though only one Reclaimer stood to fight, a brave soul I might add, his fellow 'Spartan's' I presume, escaped to the core of Merion." And Ryan knew exactly who stayed to detonate the HAVOK Nuke, Commander Kurt.

Though from the extended saved dialogue that Commander Kurt sent aboard the Pegasus, the door to the core would close in a certain amount of time, and that time was up when the other Spartan's entered the rift, Ryan saw no way the door could have been reopened. Though these were the warriors of the forerunners that had created Onyx, or Merion as the forerunners called it, they could surely reopen what they created. Ryan turned to the sentinel, "Are you proposing we reopen the door to 'Merion', and join our friend?" The Sentinel's massive eye searched Ryan, then responded, "Indeed Reclaimer, we will reopen the door to the core, with time to spare for you and your 'Spartan's' to enter, but after the Halo's have fired, take heed reclaimer, the task of finding a way out is up to you." "A way out?" Ryan thought to himself, this seemed more like a puzzle that needed to be solved rather than the total salvation of the descendants of the forerunners creation, Reclaimers.

The Sentinel continued, "Though the Sangheili will have to be delt with Reclaimer, they are stubborn allies, though I understand you humans fight the sangheili, though In the 3rd age of reformation, the two species were allied, and fought under the order of my creators, though the Halo's fire, killing them and all life within three radius of the galactic center." All of gladius stopped at the words of the machine, Humans and elites fought together? This could not be true,

there was no way, nothing that seemed to explain the explanation that both species were 'friends'. Ryan pondered the machines quirks, "Maybe all the species in the universe was apart of something much bigger than themselves, and this Holy war that raged all over the galaxy and beyond. He turned back to the lead sentinel, "Please, explain."

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Zeta Doradus System, Zone 67, North island

December 07, 2552 Military calendar 0078 Hours

Spartan-G036 listened intently to the Sentinel that explained his theory. "After my creators created my kind, they created 12 species of life forms that would fight under one creator, mine. After the forerunners activated the Halo's to eliminate any potential flood host, all life within three radii died." The Sentinel continued, "Certain specimens of every Species returned to the Ark to created an opposite sex, they returned to their home worlds, and repopulated their kind, living in Peace and prosperity, though one certain form of Flood survived, the kind you call Prophets are an advanced form of Flood, evolving a mind of its own, they took the place of the Forerunners, creating a legion of their own. With the first 11 species, excluding your kind, though they knew nothing of your kind, species 01. Now they flood the Sangheili's mind with hate and anger against the kind they once fought by."

Ryan finally understood all of this, it all came together. The Prophets despised the Humans. After reviewing lost records of the Humans species that had fought for the Forerunners, the Humans were the favored warriors of the Forerunners. _They were forerunner. _The prophets hated the human race, they raised a Holy Army, with the original 11 Species, filling their minds that the Humans were the enemy, and it was the God's will that they be destroyed.

Ryan knew what he had to do, or rather what the entire Human race had to do. Ally with the original races that the Forerunners created, and destroy the prophets. Though that would take some explaining to do, they would have to find the Elites that survived the Nuke, possibly ally with them. Right now Ryan was willing to try anything to stop this war. And he was going to see to it that it be stopped, even if it killed him and all of Gladiusâ€|

â€|â€|â€|.. "We have located the Sangheili we seek, they are approximately three miles from our present location". The Sentinel quirked at Ryan. "Alright, take us to them," Ryan replied, turning to Gladius, signaling to follow his lead and the Sentinels. The Sentinels took lead, two flying over 200ft high and another Sentinel scouting the forward area 300 ft higher. Ryan walked hastily up a hill, kneeling down, scanning the area ahead with his Sniper scope. Through the haze of fog and snow stood a silver armored elite, behind him stood over a dozen of his own troops, they were waiting for Gladius. Ryan noticed the sentinels that hovered beside the elites, Ryan could only hope they knew what was going on. Ryan took lead, Vega and the rest of Gladius following close behind, weapons trained on the squad of Sangheili that waited for them in the mist. The

silver armored elite walked forward, his steady stance and mandibles closed in his face. His energy sword ready to kill the Spartan's that approached. Ryan stopped just short of 8 feet from the lead elite.

The Sentinel that followed Spartan-G036 came forward, "Now I hope all of you are informed about what has happened and what will happen soon." Ryan holstered his sniper rifle, he knew Vega had his back if the elites made a move. "Yes, we do, though I am not sure these guys do." He said sarcastically. The lead elite seemed to smile a bit, his mandibles made it difficult to know. " Yes we have been informed of this 'situation' that has evolved here recently, I have had word of a fragile alliance between the Arbiter and the humans on Delta Halo, we can cooperate Demon, but take heed, these are mine men, their lives matter to me yours doesn't." He lowered his hand, signaling his elites lower their weapons. "That makes two of us." Ryan stated.

He upholstered his weapon, keeping it trained on the ground. The Sentinels turned away and floated 10 feet before stopping, they looked to the sky, they seemed to look for something, their golden eyes scanning every inch of space in the room. "I am afraid we have trouble, I cannot open the door, and there are Jiralhanae entering Merion's sub space, they will be here within the hour." The Sentinel spoke calmly. He turned away, then back again, " I do not have enough of my warriors to contemplating with this ordeal, I will need your assistance." The Sentinel replied. Ryan turned to Gladius, watching their expressions through their visors. Ryan then looked at the silver armored elite, if they were going to fight the brutes, they would need him and his troops.

The silver armored seemed to smile, "Ahh yes, more brutes to kill, they will pay for their treachery!"

As he said that his warriors let out a battle cry in unison, and readied their weapons. Ryan turned to his Spartan's, he didn't know if they could handle Brutes, though they've never encountered the beasts before, it would be tough, but they were Spartan's, they could do the impossible. Ryan then looked at the silver armored elite and his men, they were veterans, he knew they had fought the brutes and every kind of species in the galaxy, for once he respected they Sangheili for who and what they stood for, they and humans were the ultimate species, if they fought together in the past, then there should be no problem fighting together now.

He pulled the hammer on his MA5K, his ammo counter read 32 rounds. Gladius did the same, several hefting M19 rocket launchers, many sniper rifles and the rest assault rifles and battle rifles. The lead sentinel led 40 sentinels behind him, turning to Ryan and the silver armored elites. " There are twenty vessels holding there present position outside of the planets atmosphere, I have my warriors engaging them as we speak, we will continue on to meet the ground forces landing, they are approximately ten miles from our location," The forerunner machine quirked. The machines buzzed and led the humans and elites back to the teleportation that they had arrived through earlier. The Silver armored elites stepped onto the lift along with the humans and his men, he turned to Ryan, "If we are to fight together, you are to know my name, I am Anpe' Oduguree and we are the Mirratord."

7. Chapter 7

Zeta Doradus System,

Onyx, Zone 67

December 07, 2552 Military calendar 0134 Hours

Ryan followed the sentinel along with Anpe' oduguree and his elites, Gladius company followed suit behind Spartan-G036. The group had entered the matrix teleportation system and arrived at the Temple that the Spartans had entered through. They had arrived on the surface, completely obliterated by the Plasma fire from the fight above Onyx, several UNSC and Covenant super carriers and Destroyers cluttered the land around Camp Currahee. They would provide cover as they moved along. Ryan noticed the contingent of Brute carriers entering Onyx's upper atmosphere, he could only hope the Pegasus had jumped system or had evacuated to another side of the planet.

The Sentinel that led the odd group turned around, its booms began to become wider, its eye flared, then cooled. "I will engage the Jiralhanae above the atmosphere, with my sentinels, I advise you to leave the Shield planet, there is nothing for you here, the door has closed, and I cannot open it again, I advise you leave this system and continue your fight elsewhere, the forerunners have blessed you." The forerunner construct stated and then he vanished, probably never to be seen again. Anpe' Odurguree sniffed the air, though Ryan couldn't see his nose, he must have an acute sense of smell. "Human, we need not fight the Brutes, these machines will take care of that, we must escape to fight another day, there is a small space craft a short distance from here, we can get access to the craft and escape this planet, your friends will have to find their own way out as the sentinel has informed." The elite stated.

Ryan knew he was right, he only hoped that the Spartan's trapped would find a way out, before it was too late. He turned to Gladius giving two fingers to the east the direction that Anpe' Odurguree and his troops advanced. Ryan could see the outline of the Brute ships overhead, debris burning up in the atmosphere, plummeting towards the surface below. Anpe' led the way, through dense jungle and shrubbery they marched on, running at a reasonable pace, hoping to get to the small vessel before the brutes came upon it. Anpe stopped, holding up a four-fingered fist to the group.

They crouched down taking cover, the tall elite turned to Ryan, " My scouts have spotted the vessel, there are no brutes in the area, we advance, you follow close."

The Sangheili turned ahead and jogged hastily, picking up the pace, Ryan and Gladius followed behind. He caught sight of the space craft destined for their escape, a Corvette-class stealth craft's cloaking device kept it hid from enemy recon, it seemed almost virtually invisible to the naked eye. Even with his augmented eye sight, he had trouble focusing on the outline of the vessel. Anpe tapped a key near the ships bow, deactivating the ships cloaking device. The ship appeared longer than Ryan could have imagined, over 400 meters long, it was massive even for a stealth-class vessel. The hangar bay doors dissolved, Anpe signaling three of his troops to secure the inside, when it was done, they signaled Anpe the inside was secured. He turned to the Spartan's, "Make haste humans, time is of the

essence."Devon murmured under his breathe, " You got that right." And followed Ryan, Vega and the Elites into the hangar bay. There were three Seraph fighters along with several kinds of dropships that cluttered the inside of the massive bay. Engineers scrabbled around the hangar checking pipe lines and the schematics of virtually everything inside the Stealth craft. Anpe hastily led Gladius through corridors until they reached the control bridge. Theodore and Omega were led by elites to their team quarters, Vega staying with their leader, Ryan.

The bridge was actually much larger than Ryan had anticipated. He was intrigued by the Sangheili's ability to imitate anything, and create illusions to fool their enemy. Elites dispersed and attended their stations, several leaving the bridge. Anpe'Odurgee stood before the main controls, tapping dozens of holo keys. Ryan felt a small vibrate under his feet as the stealth craft hummed to life, silently blowing trees and shrubbery like a calm wind. The space ship rose above the jungle canopy, rising until they reached the far side of the planet, making sure the Brutes didn't notice them, hoping the sentinels kept them busy until they jumped out of the system.They reached the outer atmosphere, past massive chunks of debris, leaving the devastated planet behind. Ryan only hope that the Pegasus had jumped system or escaped further away, they wouldn't have stood a chance.

He looked out the energy window, down at the planet below, more and more it shrunk in the distance until it appeared to be the shape of an apple. He watched as the distant battle unfolded. Sentinel's combining their might cores to rip a hole through the belly of a Brute destroyer. Several brute vessels attempted to flee, but were quickly subdued by the power of the combined sentinels. Ryan could hardly see the planet now, massive pieces of space craft debris floated in subspace.He returned his thoughts to the matter at hand, the other Spartan's trapped in the core of Onyx could not be saved, they would have to save themselves. Anpe set his gaze upon his control tab, not looking up or around as Ryan joined his side, " Where are we going?" Ryan questioned in a desperate tone.

Anpe didn't adjust his gaze from the bridge as Ryan questioned, " We must go to our home world, and retrieve more ships and troops if we are to survive this civil war, do not worry human, my councilors have been informed of this "alliance" between the Sangheili and the humans, the Arbiter is awaiting our arrival, we leave this system now." Anpe stated.Ryan really had no choice, though he didn't understand half of the situation that laid before Him and his Spartan's, he would attempt to settle the conflict between the Elites and the UNSC. He was a Spartan, and anything was possible for a Spartanâ€¦Spartan-G036 stood by the rest of his Spartan companion's, team Vega, as they looked out the energy windows as they exited slip space. On the holo screens appeared a bright green planet, resembling the size of Harvest in size.

Several ships surrounded the planets atmosphere, mostly light cruisers for planetary defense, along with dozens of covenant stations orbiting the outer atmosphere. Anpe' stood at his post on the control bridge, monitoring the screen with a careful eye. Anpe knew there were brutes on the surface, the Prophet of Mercy had them stationed on every Species world for a helpful eye and to keep the peace in case a war such as this erupted. Ryan turned to Devon, " Ready the rest of the Spartan's sergeant, lets get ready to move in case something goes, wrong". He said looking back out the window."Yes

sir," The Spartan said crisply, with a Salute he jogged off to inform Gladius of there early departure.

Devon exited the bridge, leaving the rest of Vega to ponder their fate, it was undecided, the Elites could turn any moment. They had to keep an eye out for trouble. Ryan had a feeling they were running into a horde of trouble. Anpe tapped the FLEETCOM system on his panel, " This is Commander Anpe Odurgee of the Trinidad permission to enter atmosphere, over". There was static on the end, then a hoarse voice returned with an answer, " Roger Commander, dock at Level 23 at Landing Pad 12, over."The Stealth craft swerved into the atmosphere of the dense planet, the Corvette rocking as it burned up in the atmosphere. Ryan counted over three dozen cruisers and assault carriers orbiting around the Elite home world, with the civil war, an attack from the Covenant was Eminent. The ship steadily slowed its pace, coming around it hitch aboard Landing pad 12, a hissing sound confirming that the ship was secured. Anpe tapped a contingent of keys. Then looked at Ryan, " Come human, the councilors are awaiting our arrival, not need to worry demon, your grave is not here. " And the Commander walked out the bridge. Ryan tapped his COM, " Devon, lead Gladius to the loading docks, I'll be there waiting," and canceled the transmission.

Gladius was waiting when Anpe and Ryan, along with Vega reached the exit. Though Gladius was not alone, four Ultra elites watched over the Spartan-III's, keeping a close eye for betrayal. Anpe brushed the Ultra's away from the Spartan's with a simple gesture, it seemed the Commander was coming around to trust the humans a small bit. Ryan caught sight of the planet outside the ship, a dazzling display of alien skyscrapers and numerous sacred temples and courtyards. Beyond the fray of technology laid massive mountains and waterfalls, topping the tallest skyscraper easily. Ryan admired the elites outlook at nature and the resource of their technological advances. Anpe snapped to attention, startling Eric for a split second, admiring the quickness of the Elites reflexes. All the Elites did so as the Elite Councilors approached, along with a body guard of ten Honor Guards and SpecOp Elites. There were two, many perishing in the civil war, dozens murdered by the Brutes.

They stood crouched over with an elaborate head dress making them Stand out from any other Sangheili around, their white armor glistened in the two sun's that the planet orbited. The Councilor's approached the posse, approaching Ryan instead of Anpe. "I see you have brought Humans with you Commander Odurgee, this is a Violation of the Sangheili!" The elite shouted, not moving his gaze from Ryan. Anpe stood, not flinching at the course words of the Councilor, " Councilor, it is my understanding that we can use the Humans as allies against the Prophets, both of our kinds fight for the same purpose and against the same enemy." Anpe Stated, still not moved. The Councilor shrugged off Ryan, stepping back, looking to the ground.

He seemed angry, sad, and some what of a smile appeared on his face, though none of the Spartan's could tell their four mandibles made it hard to recognize any form of emotion. "I am afraid to admit this Commander Odurgee, but you have a point I suppose, we have a common enemy you and me," The Councilor stated, looking at Ryan with his deep piercing eyes. He looked back at Anpe, the rest of the Spartans, and then at the sky above into deep Space, looking for an answer to this riddle to seemed. He tuned to Ryan again, " I presume you are

your companies commander?" He questioned with authority. Ryan looked behind at Eric and Devon and turned to the Councilor, "Yes, I am the commander of my Spartan's." He answered. The Councilor examined him in his SPI suit and his Spartans. " You seem small for a Demon, human." He said.

Ryan slid off his helmet, holding it by his side, " Indeed I am a child Councilor, merely half the age of the Demon called 'Master Chief', we are strong in numbers, faster and smarter than the ordinary humans you fight." Ryan announced with a strong voice. The Councilor was impressed by the Spartan's boldness and courage, "Very well, commanders, we have much to ponder and discuss, we will discuss this in the Council chambers, there is a Brute strong point a distance from here, the last of the Brutes are held up in a Court yard. We are afraid they have radioed for Reinforcements, we must make haste if we are to fight another day, quickly!" The Elite announced, Anpe and Ryan following behind the honor guards. Ryan turned to Devon and Eric, " Stay here with the rest of the teams, get some rest and reequip, send a private message to CENTCOM to send UNSC Reinforcements to the Elites home world, give them the coordinates and explain everything."The two Spartan's acknowledgement lights winked green. They turned away, jogging up the ramp to Gladius, disappearing into the Stealth craft along with the crew of the ship. Spartan-G036 quickly caught up with the posse, walking hastily beside Anpe, struggling to match the Elites long strides with Ryan's steady small steps.

The group walked through several courtyards, some with waterfall's surrounding the outside. Various rock formations and ledges filled the stone walk ways and sides of buildings. In the distance Elites and hunters gathered their arms, preparing a form addle defense for the Brute attack that seemed inevitable. A squad of engineers and Elites equipped massive plasma cannons on certain key areas around the city. The air filled with the buzz of Phantoms flying overhead, dropping off troops at their posts. The group entered the main hall of the Council, the inside massive, lined with statues of fallen fellow Sangheili and God's. The honor guards secured an energy elevator as the Councilors climbed aboard, along with Anpe and Ryan lastly. The elevator hovered off the ground, and there was a slight zero gee moment as the elevator descended fifty feet as Ryan estimated.

The transport came to a halt, honor guards stepping out, securing the hallways. Ryan figured the chambers could sustain heavy damage. An ideal fallback position if the Eminent brute attack came. He only hoped that High Command got his transmission that Devon was charged to do. The Councilors stepped upon the stair case to their seats, a dozen more Councilors sat around the chambers awaiting the posses arrival. Sitting with their legs crossed, their elaborate head dressed dazzled in display of their power. The Councilor dispatched from the group and joined his fellow leaders. He joined three other Councilors on the highest pedestals in the chambers. Before them were three tablets with the evaluation of Commander Anpes performance on Onyx.

A high councilor pushed the tablet away and studied Anpe. " Commander it is under my understanding that you and your team were the only survivors on the forerunner planet, yes?"Anpe raised his head, " Yes councilor, after the Human commander detonated the massive bomb, two destroyers of the invasion force were the surviving vessels on the

surface, the explosion damaged both severally. They attempted to escape the system, but were destroyed by the guardians of the forerunner planet, these sentinels are the same guardians that assisted us with escaping the Brute fleet." The Councilors seemed puzzled by what the SpecOps Commander had said, why would the Sentinels obliterate their forces before the invasion, but help them escape the Brutes after they were the only survivors.? This all was a mystery that needed to be solved before it was too late, it could help them turn the tides of war. But that would have to wait, there was most likely going to be a Brute invasion attempt.

The Councilors turned their attention from Anpe to Spartan-G036. " You are the Commander of your warriors are you not?"Ryan gazed at the councilors, "Yes, I am, we were not on the planet when the invasion had taken place and when our Commander detonated the warhead, we were sent to Recon the after math of the fight and to look for survivors. Our Commander and other warriors advanced to the core of the forerunner planet before it closed, they are trapped until they find a way out."The Councilors looked at each other and then at the two Commanders. The high Councilor focused on the Commanders, " We are willing to work together to an alliance with the Humans. The Arbiter and a two Human Commanders have secured Installation 4's index and have commandeered a Brute vessel, they are gathering the Sangheili survivors and Lekgolo, the Unggoy stand undecided in this war."Ryan glanced at the Coucilors all around him and added, " One of my men have sent a message to the Commander of the human planet, asking to send aid to the Sangheili home world."The Lesser Councilors gazed at each other and then at the High Councilor, "Very well human, this aid will be helpful to the survival of this alliance and the defeat of the Covenant, ready your warriors and assist Commander Anpe, I see you two will be working together for awhile."

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Groombridge 34 system,

Planet Marion 6

UNSC Super Carrier _Tannenburg_

December 11, 2552 0195 Hours /Military calendar

Fleet Admiral Zachary Moses poured another glass of brandy, one he had brought with him a month ago when the fighting between the covenant and the UNSC started again, with the location of Earth, all Fleets in all systems were ordered to defend the system colonies, if Earth fell, then the surviving colonies would be all that was left. Moses' 67th Fleet was stationed on Marion 6, the largest outer colony after the fall of Harvest and New Constantinople. With a population of 12 million the planet was an asset to the UNSC. Though the amount of Marines on the surface was limited, mainly the UNSC Navy protected the worlds. Ground forces were good for protection of civilians, until the Covenant managed to Glass the planet, then nothing would have survived. Moses quickly downed another shot and put the bottle away just as his Master Chief knocked on his door, " Enter", Moses said trying to wipe the look of fatigue off his face. His Master Chief entered his quarters, "Sir incoming transmission from High

Command on Earth sir, its urgent."

Moses jumped to his feet, "Finally something to worry about", he thought to himself as he brushed past his Officer and headed towards the Bridge.

Moses walked past several of his officers, all giving crisps salutes as they returned to what they were doing before. The Master Chief stopped when the Admiral reached the Bridge door, not going in for the fact that the information Admiral Moses was about it hear would be classified. Several bridge officers left the control room as Moses tapped the transmission codes on the display screen. It read:

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:**Classified until further notice/ /****Protocol code:** _Vector  
Lima/"Fleet Admiral Moses, this is Vice Admiral Pangnosky of High  
Command, this is an urgent message with coordinates of the location  
of the Elites home world. Be advised there are unknown UNSC Soldiers  
aiding the defense of the planet top side. You are to assist in  
anyway possible, there is an eminent attack from a Brute fleet  
reported to be enroute to engage. Be advised Admiral, there is a  
fragile alliance between the soldiers and the elites there, do not  
ruin it. Until further orders, good luck._
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"_**Transmission end/"**_
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Moses sat back in his chair, dumfounded by the information given by HIGHCOM. The 67th fleet against a Brute armada? There would be no trouble determining the winner, the Brute fleet would obliterate Moses UNSC vessels as soon as they reached the system. But that's where the advantage was, the Elites has superior firepower to the UNSC and Brutes, the fight would not be as bloody for Moses Fleet. Moses stood up, stretched his lengthy arms and exited the Transmission room. Officers returned to their stations, monitoring the edges of the Groombridge 34 system for anything out of the ordinary. There being 47 planets in the system, all inhabited it was difficult for one Fleet to defend every planet. But some had the advantage of their own UNSC Militia fully trained and armed well. He entered his office and pulled up the Fleet rooster. All the ships were fully repaired except for the UNSC leviathan. The Halycon-class cruiser had sustained damages during the Battle of New Constantinople a month ago.

The Repairs were quickly under way and the Cruiser would see action again in a day, when the repairs would be done. Moses had a choice to make, leave Marion 6 to defend it self with only a few thousand militia forces and no Navy to defend it. Plus with the other dozens of planets inhabited by millions of civilians, they were the future of humanity if Earth fell. Though these were his orders, to jump system to assist UNSC Forces on the Elite homeworld. 'How did they end up with the Elites in the first place?' Moses pondered considerably. The Situation was dense, and Moses didn't have a lot of options. He had to go planet side to speak with the Prime minister to discuss the defense of the Groom Bridge 34 system. Moses tapped his private COM, " Master Chief O'Malley, ready a pelican for transport, I need to speak with the Prime minister." "Yes sir Admiral, we will have it ready in 10 minutes." An energetic voice of the Master Chief answered. Admiral Moses poured a glass of brandy and stuffed the bottle into his private desk drawer.

Pulling the laces on his boots tighter he grabbed his Admiral cap and headed out the door to hangar bay A-8 where his transport awaited him. Walking through the entrance to the hangar bay three UNSC Marines awaited to escort the Admiral to the surface of Marion 6. Admiral Moses noticed the rank of the Marine that walked up to him. The Marine saluted his superior, "Sir I am Captain Haggard, I'm here to escort you to the surface, your Pelican is ready, follow me." The two other marines loaded extra fuel onto the Pelican, fuel was running short in the system and much of it was being shipped to the frontlines to aid the fight. Captain Haggard climbed into the cabin of the drop ship, followed by Moses and the additional Marines. Haggard climbed into the cockpit and tapped the Pilot on the shoulder, " We're ready," he said. The cabin of the Pelican closed as the massive hangar doors opened with a screech. Humming to life the drop ship's landing gear folded up and the pilot engaged flight.

The Pelican roared out of the belly of the carrier and descended to the light blue planet below. Moses peered out the cabin window, watching as the Pelican passed an Orbital MAC station. Marion 6 was equipped with 20 MAC stations for its own defense. Though not even $\frac{1}{4}$ as big as Earth's 300 MAC stations that orbited every Nation. The Pilot's voice crackled over the cabin COM, " Welcome passengers, today you will be flying with Pelican Lima 562, we are entering the upper atmosphere so hang on it might get bumpy." Admiral Moses fastened his seat belt tighter and held on to the rail bars attached overhead. The Captain and his Marines followed the Admiral's precautions, strapping themselves and their weapons in tighter. The bumping and rocking eased as they entered the lower atmosphere, more oxygen filled the cabin and cockpit for everyone to inhale. Now over three miles from the surface Moses looked out the cabin window to ponder Marion 6's awe and beautiful landscape. A dense rain forest ran swiftly under the belly of the pelican, several species of bird like creatures flew in spectacular patterns, much like the patterns of the Goose and Duck on Earth.

In the distance rose a mighty mountain range, the largest in the system, over 40,000 feet high it just topped Mt. Everest. Snow caps sat on the tips, large chunks melting away with the near of a summer season ahead. Below to the right was the Runth river, named after General William Runth who led the first assault against the covenant when they reached the Groombridge 34 system in 2546. Flowing slowly from the mountains and to the forest below, thousands of gallons of ice water rushing over a large water fall. The familiar voice of the Lima 562 sounded in the cabin, " We will be landing on Marion 6 E.T.A, 30 seconds out." Moses unhooked his belt as the Pelican made a thump, indicating they had finally landed. The doors opened to reveal a warthog waiting for him. A Marine sat in the driver's seat, awaiting the Admiral's arrival. The Hog has been refitted, the machine turret was removed and in its place was a troop cabin that held three more Marines, making it the ideal land troops carrier.

The Admiral hopped from the back of the drop ship, climbing into the back with the three additional Marines. Moses tipped his cap to Captain Haggard and his squad, they would stay with the Pelican and load more supplies for their classified mission to the Elite home world. The driver tapped the accelerator, tires spinning they left the refueling station behind. Passing under the bottom of the jungle canopy. The gunship hit a mud hole, sending small chunks of mud and dirty water into the cabin of the warthog. Moses thought nothing of it, he longed for the days when he held a rifle in his hand. A

sergeant leading his team into battle numerous times, though those days were over 35 years ago, and they was a shortage of UNSC Captains and Admirals to command the over stock of UNSC vessels before the Covenant war. Moses looked ahead at of the warthog, as the capital city of Marion 6 came into view. Marion, the capitals name was the 2nd largest city in the solar system, with 3,000,000 civilians and 12, 000 UNSC Marines and ODSI stationed around the outskirts and in the heart of Marion. A Pelican flew by over head, followed by six more, 'Perhaps a drill?' Moses thought to himself. The hog passed the main entrance defense quadrant, three Scorpion tanks and two warthogs guarded the cities main entrance. The Admiral felt uneasy, there were no civilians in sight.

A squad of Marines ran in formation to an armory, another Pelican flew overhead, making a wide loop and landing in front of the capitals main skyscraper, where Admiral Moses was suppose to briefly discuss the defense of Marion 6 as they headed away from the system. The Warthog came to a halt in front of the Pelican, two Marines ran from their posts to the back of the drop ship as the Pelicans crew secured the landing gear. Moses hopped out of his transport along with his body guard. The Cabin doors of the Pelican dropped and Prime Minister Hugh Richter climbed out. ...

The Prime Minister continued, " Admiral let us proceed with our meeting in my bunker, it must be brief I warn you."Moses was relieved, he didn't have time no more, with a Captain on the ground and his fleet with no Commander? He would have to contact his 2nd ASAP. Moving on to the PM's bunker the Pelican behind them lifted from its secured pad and roared into the distance. Moses followed their escort into the bunker, seeing the first COM he came across he knew what he had to do, "Pardon Prime Minister, but I need to contact my Fleet Captain to maneuver the Fleet into a defensive perimeter."The Prime Minister turned around, " Of course Admiral, I understand, do what you need to do."Moses tapped the COM he first saw when they entered the bunker, " Shipmaster Sherman this is Fleet Admiral Moses, forma defensive perimeter around the MAC stations, hold them at all costs I will contact you as soon as I am finished here."There was static on the other end, then a frail voice buzzed over the COM, " Yes sir Admiral, we are moving out.

The Rebel forces will be within the range of our main cannons in 20 seconds. Standby."Moses, relieved now that his Fleet was under control returned his attention to the matter at hand. "Admiral it is under my impression that you are being ordered out of the system, correct?"Moses was astonished at how the Prime Minister knew of the secure message sent directly from CENTCOM on Earth. But Prime Minister Richter proceeded before Moses could ask any questions. " Don't worry Admiral, my men had intercepted the transmission even before you received it, we will not discuss that here, that is classified, you can take care of that after we have discussed the defense of Marion 6. Richter was right, leaving Marion un defended was foolish and stupid. Though Moses was trying to come up with a solution, " Sir, may I suggest leaving my cruiser being repaired here, your real concern are the Rebel forces, as you know many of the Elites have sided with the UNSC on Earth and in other systems. The Covenant want Earth, you can focus your forces on the Rebels they seem to want control of Marion 6 the most."The Prime Minister thought the same as Moses, "I agree Admiral the Rebel forces are diminishing anyway and the Covenant are being pulled away from other systems to join the fight on Earth. But I know why you must go, we can hold our

own here."

Moses knew that was true, all of it. Marion 6 had superior firepower and numbers, with twenty MAC stations there were no worries. " Very well Prime Minister, I will rejoin my fleet and proceed with my mission." Moses stated, getting up from his seat across from the president. Moses walked outside and looked into the atmosphere of the planet. There sat his Fleet and the 10 MAC stations visible from the surface. Debris from the Rebel destroyers burned up in space, small chunks hitting the surface miles away.

The Admiral hopped into the side seat of his warthog, waiting for his driver that came jogging along. The Marine smiled at Moses, " Sorry for the wait sir, your pelican is ready as we speak." Moses turned the COM in the warthog up, listening to the conversation between the MAC stations and the command center in Marion. He listened intently, " Sir one destroyer badly damaged got through I don't know if they stand a chance, there's a huge hole in the stern." The conversation continued, " Sir I'm getting reports of several Rebel drop ships, long swords and escape pods heading towards the surface, ETA two minutes." Moses stopped his driver, " Wait son, we're sitting still until there taken care of, I'm in no hurry." The Marine put the warthog in park and turned it off. " Yes sir, I advise rejoining the Prime Minister in the bunker." Moses thought about it, but he decided against it, " That would be the smart thing to do, but I'm good, so where's the nearest armory?"...

Admiral Zachary Moses pulled back the hammer on his M-6D sidearm. He grabbed three more clips and attached them to his belt. He traded in his officers cap for a UNSC standard combat helmet. A Marine came up to the Admiral and saluted, Moses returned the gesture, " Sir, I am Sergeant Andrew, there are reported rebel forces two miles from our position, they will be here within 2 minutes." Moses attached his sidearm to his side, " Very well Sergeant, you and your squad will defend this armory, they cannot get there hands on these weapons." Sergeant Andrew saluted, and returned to his squad to give them their orders. Moses readied him self as he heard a Pelican in the distance, it was one of the surviving rebel drop ships. He stepped out of the protection of the armory. A machine turret sounded in the distance as a squad of Marines retreated from the jungle to a medical tent, one of their men had a serious leg wound. Moses tightened his body armor, checking his sidearm again.

It felt strange that it had been 35 years since any real combat action. The rebel pelican roared from the jungle bottom over the top of the jungle canopy, soaring towards the north defense quadrant, spitting its front turret at the three Scorpions that defended the gates. Moses took cover as the pelican launched a volley of archer missiles in their direction. The three scorpions retreated, two badly damaged, and the last abandoned by its crew. Moses leaned against the armory wall, away from the fray of battle that was upon him. The rogue drop ship landed hard, leaning hard to the right, its thrusters positioning it self to the right position. Twelve rebel soldiers jumped from the cabin of the pelican.

Running fifty yards away to the cover of the debris of the scorpion battle tanks that were obliterated by their transport. Two rebels climbed on the last abandoned tank left by its crew. Moses ran into the armory, looking for anything useful against the now enemy tank. Sergeant and his squad were no where to be seen, probably killed or

retreated to high ground. Moses came across the heavy weapons locker, marked for Marines that were trained in the class of weapon. Moses grabbed one of three M19 SAM rocket launchers and an ammo pack. Running out the back of the armory to where he faced the enemy tanks left side, he positioned the rocket launcher on a crate of grenades trying to get a clean shot. He had his target in sight, aiming for the soft un protected bottom of the tanks main turret.

He squeezed off one shot, knocked back by the recoil. The missile streaked towards its target, the rebels that hitched a ride on the sides of the MBT. But it was too late, the missile found its target, slamming into the left side, the main turret crippled, leaning off its base to one side. Nothing could have survived within 15 feet of the blast radius. Moses recovered, now satisfied with his achievement, hefting his M19 he a COM back in the armory, " Sergeant Andrew what is your 20?" There was static on the other end for a full 10 seconds then there was activity, " Sir, I had to pull back when two of my men were gunned down, I was under the impression that you retreated back to the Prime Ministers bunker?" Moses responded, " Negative sergeant, I stayed in the Armory, where you were suppose to be, though I understand your intentions."

Sergeant Andrew paused, then responded, " Yes sir, I see what you've been busy with." Andrew chuckled then continued, " Sir there are three Rebel Long sword fighters five miles away, heading for our position, plus five additional rebel Pelicans ETA less than a minute." Moses considered, and this time decided to go with the smart decision. " Roger Sergeant, there is a warthog still operational, I will meet up with you at the Marine medical center two miles from here, I have to get back to my Fleet." "Roger Admiral, be careful." Andrew said, the COM silenced. Moses hefting his M19 ran out of the armory, taking cover behind a burning tipped over warthog. He caught sight of his warthog, the front bumper was torn off, with bullet holes covering the cabin and rim. He hoped it still ran good. Moses looked around carefully, no rebels in sight, no Marines either. Most of the fighting was on the eastern side, where the command bunker was located. The Admiral snuck behind the operational warthog, tossing his rocket launcher into the back beside the machine turret. He grabbed his sidearm, clutching it in his right hand, and sliding into the drivers seat. The keys were still in the ignition, turning the keys quickly, the jeep crackled to life, the engine shuddered. Moses locked the warthog in drive, and smashed the accelerator. The warthog's tires spun, digging into the concrete, leaving two black tread marks as Moses took off. He turned the warthogs COM up, nothing, not even static.

Complete silence. Moses put his sidearm aside, concentrating on the rocky road ahead. He heard rifle fire in the distance. The eastern sector was his objective, there must be a Pelican or some transport with Marines that could help him. Moses caught sight of a couple of Marines making there way to the fight, right where the Admiral was headed. He slammed on the brakes twenty feet in front of the squad. Moses nodded at the Marines, " Need a ride?" The Marine Sergeant nodded, " We could use some assistance, Sir." Climbing into the front seat. His squad Corporal climbed into the back turret, pulling back the hammer, he said, "Now we're in business." Moses smashed the accelerator again, spinning the hog's tires over. Static crackled on the gun ships COM, " Lieutenant Morison, there are two Rebel Pelican drop ships inbound, man where are they coming from?"

The Lieutenant responded, " I have no idea Sergeant, three MAC stations have been taken out, six more Rebel ships have broken through, most of the UNSC forces are on the far side of the Planet, just hang in there Sergeant." Moses turned the COM down, with six more ships in bound, he wondered what his Fleet's condition was. Though most of the Rebel ships were inserting away from his Fleets position and the MAC stations. Where were the Rebel forces coming from though? Most of the forces should have been obliterated in the Sol and Groom Bridge 34 system's. He saw the battle ahead, two Scorpion MBT's sat crumpled to a maw, Marines ran to their positions, some pulling their fallen comrades to safety. The Rebel forces were pinned down one-hundred yards from the UNSC forces. Moses estimated over fifty Rebel forces under cover behind debris and crates. They had a scraped warthog with a man on the turret, covered by the wreckage and debris.

Moses slid the warthog to a halt, stopping behind a large crate for cover. The Sergeant and his additional man jumped from their cover and joined the battle ahead. Moses did the same, moving forward cover from cover, avoiding the hail of gun fire the Rebels put off. Moses drew his sidearm, clicking the safety off, coming up behind a squad of Marines under cover. He tapped a Private on the shoulder, " Who's in charge here Private?" The Private turned around, "Um, Captain Haggard sir, he's over there," The Marine pointed across the battlefield to Haggard, the Captain that escorted Admiral Moses to Marion 6 in the first place. The Captain reloaded his assault rifle, firing from behind the wall every five seconds. He had led a team of eight Marines when they got side tracked when the attack began over two hours ago.

Moses went back to his warthog, grabbing the M19 from the back of the turret, and holstering his M-6D. He went back to the Private that directed him to Haggard. Moses ran twenty yards, hiding behind a broken off piece of one of the destroyed Scorpions. Running until he came upon the marine captain's squad, holstering his rocket launcher he tapped the captain on the back, " Captain, I think you could use this." Moses said, handing his M19 SAM to Haggard. Captain Haggard hefted the rocket launcher, holstering his MA5C. "May I ask how you got into this position?" Haggard asked curiously. Moses turned with his back against the wall, " Long story, but I need to get to my fleet, I think I can do more with where I belong." " Yes sir, I agree, this is no place for an Admiral." Haggard replied with a slight smile on his face. He continued, " Our pelican is still docked, there have been no rebel forces reported in that area, I presume you might have some sort of transport?" Moses pulled out his sidearm, " Affirmative, right this way."

9. Chapter 9

Epilogue

Groom Bridge 34 system

Marion 6

North Armory, North defense quadrant

December 11, 2552 0952 hours /Military calendar

Admiral Zachary Moses ducked down into the cabin of the M12, along with three additional UNSC Marines, with Captain Haggard jumping into the drivers seat. The Marine quickly turned the key over, igniting the engine that powered the troop carrier. He smashed the gas, making the warthog accelerate. The hog' fishtailed, spinning up debris and creating a cloud of smoke, covering most of their escape. Moses readied his sidearm, preparing to defend himself against any enemy forces. Moses accessed the warthogs TAC map system. The pelican that carried Moses to the surface, Lima 562 was over a kilometer away. Captain haggard tapped his COM, " Pelican Lima 562, we are inbound with Admiral Moses for immediate transport to his fleet."There was static on the COM for a full 10 seconds, then a crisp voice sounded, " Roger that Captain, engines are being fired up, but hurry, rebel forces are closing in three kilometers away."Haggard put away his COM, concentrating on the rugged road ahead.

A familiar sound caught Moses attention, looked to the sky he caught sight of the left wing of a Rebel dropship. Moses tapped his COM, " Captain we have company, enemy dropship closing in on us fast."Haggard caught sight of the enemy gunship though the rear mirror mounted on the drivers seat. The enemy pelican neared closer and closer, but could not get a clear shot because of the dense rainforest that surrounded them. The warthog fishtailed as the dropship spit a volley of depleted uranium slugs at the escaping Marines. The volley tore through the dense bark of an Asiac tree, and clipping the rim of one of the warthogs tires.

The transport spun out of control, hitting the side of a large tree, momentarily stabilizing the gunship. Haggard punched the accelerator, the hog's tires spun over, picking up speed quickly. Moses looked over his shoulder at the approaching gunship. The pelican dropped back, out of sight. Probably thinking there were bigger targets in Marion. He looked over the cabin of his transport to see his pelican dropship still sitting in its original position. Haggard slammed on the brakes, the warthog spun next to the pelican, spinning up dirt and mud, halting before the dropship. The warthogs cargo jumped from the cabin, except for Captain haggard. Pulling the warthog up to the belly of the transport carrier of the pelican, the dropships gravity lift pulled the gunship off its tracks, fastening the warthog to the belly of the transport.

They could use this for any further assistance by the 67th fleet. Moses climbed aboard Lima 562, followed by the four Marines and Captain haggard. Tapping the pilot of the shoulder he said, " Lets get the hell outta' here, I've got to jump system ASAP".The UNSC Pelican buckled, recovered, then continued on. The dropship that carried Admiral Zachary Moses and the additional Marines had exited Marion 6's atmosphere a thirty seconds earlier. Moses peered out the cabin window, his flagship looked clearer and clearer as they neared closer. The Pelican zipped past a badly damaged MAC station, three long sword bombers positioned themselves around Lima 562, an extra security. Though all the rebel forces were planet side by now, there was protocol to follow. The Pelican co-pilot tapped many controls, then speaking into the Fleet COM he said, " _Pisces IV_, overwrite bay door code 639-09."Lima 562 made an arc, literally diving into the bay doors. " Hang on!" Lima's pilot screamed over the intercom.

The Pelican buckled again, its nose scraping the floor of the hangar bay, its left wing dipped into the steel floor. The huge bird slid twenty meters, hangar bay crew men ran in all directions, trying to

escape the sliding fire ball of death. Sparks flew, the drop ships left wing shattered, then broke free of its body. Three minutes past. Admiral Moses crawled out from underneath a chunk of the left wing of his now destroyed pelican. A team of engineers ran forward, carrying fire extinguishers, attempting to put out the small fires spread all over the bow and stern of the transport. One engineer in a green jumpsuit helped Moses to his feet. " Admiral are you alright?" The concerned man asked. Moses held his head, and straightened his back, " Yeah I'm fine, get those Marines out from that rubble, they need more help than me."The Engineer followed Moses' orders, he and three more of his teammates climbing into the destroyed Pelican cabin, grabbing chunks of debris, rolling them to the side. A pair of legs appeared from the debris, and a mangled marine was recovered. The two Marines crawled from the crash, pulling one of their comrades to safety.

" He's fine, just unconscious." Said one of the Marine holding the head of his teammate.

Captain Haggard was helped to his feet by Admiral Moses, " You look like hell," Moses stated, a bit of sarcasm in his voice. Haggard laughed a bit, his expression hidden by a layer of dirt and dust. Haggard glanced back over his shoulder in the pilots cockpit, " They didn't make it, I checked their pulse."Moses wrapped his arm over Haggard's shoulder, helping him out of the destroyed cabin of the aircraft. Two engineers grabbed hold of Haggard, letting him down on a stretcher. One engineer turned from Haggard to Moses, " Sir, follow me to sickbay, the doc will take care of you." "That's alright corporal, I need to get to the command bridge, we need to jump system." Moses replied to the corporal.

The Admiral had a slight limp, but he ignored the pain and continued through the decks to the bridge. Two Marines let him pass by showing them his I.D, then entered the command bridge. An officer shouted over the fray of commands being barked in the bridge and over the Fleet COM, " Admiral on deck!" He shouted. The noise ceased to exist, and Moses limped on deck, his partially ripped Navy uniform, bruised and battered face indicated a recent battle had occurred. " At ease gentlemen," Moses hoarsely stated. One of Moses' naval officer's approached him, Captain Henry Williams. " Sir, you look like hell." Moses allowed a small laugh, " You can say Captain."

Captain Henry Williams was the temporary commander of the UNSC _Pisces IV_. War with the Covenant had rid the UNSC Fleet of worthy Captains to command their ships, Williams was appointed a UNSC Captain only a week ago, the ships recent Captain, had been killed in a fight with the Covenant. Moses continued, " Captain, as you've heard of the transmission from FLEETCOM, we must jump system now, I' am leaving Captain Turner and his crew to help defend Marion 6."Morrison looked at his crew, Moses knew that the Captain did not want to leave his home world at the climax of a rebel military attack. But he knew _what_ he had to do, his duty." Yes sir, coordinates are set." Morrison replied. Moses stepped down to the command center of the bridge. He slumped into the Admirals chair, "OK Captain, engage the Slipspace field, lets get the hell outta' here, I have a feeling we are just getting startedâ€¦".

To be continuedâ€¦|.

This is the Final Level, this is the end of _this_ book. Please

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End
file.